

# The Musical World.

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## CATHERINE HAYES IN AMERICA.

For the first three or four weeks after the Irish *prima donna* landed on the American shores, the newspapers teemed with articles on her talents and accomplishments. There were to be seen long panegyrics, elaborate criticisms, multifarious biographies, cunning comparisons, and doubtful verses,—all devoted to the cause of the fair Swan of Erin. Nothing short of another Jenny Lind *furor* was anticipated, and the public mind was apparently inclined to carry out the second sensation to as great an extent as the first. We ourselves made copious extracts from the pregnant journals, and might, had we so pleased, have filled the *MUSICAL WORLD*, ten times over, with praises and adorations of Catherine Hayes. Suddenly we missed the name of Catherine Hayes altogether from the papers, or read some curt and cold paragraph, devoted to a mere account of the concert in which she sang. There was evidently some strong cause for this; and when we learned that Catherine Hayes had broken her engagement with Mr. Beale, we were at no loss for a clue to guide us to the motives that held the journalists silent. The Americans are purely a commercial people, and any infraction of an agreement is looked upon by them in a very serious light. We therefore inferred, and naturally, that Miss Hayes had brought down upon herself the indifference of the press, and had determined to adopt a new line of policy from all preceding *prima donnas*.

The question to which at present we wish more immediately to direct the reader's attention, is the violation of Miss Hayes's engagement with Mr. Beale, and the consequences accruing therefrom. The statements which have appeared in the New York and Boston Journals are all at variance, and none of them correct. We wish, therefore to set the public right in a mere matter of fact, and let them judge for themselves as to the merits of the case.

And first it is necessary to see on what terms Mr. Beale and Miss Hayes stood with each other, at the time the engagement was broken.

It is well known that the success achieved by Miss Catherine Hayes, on her *debut* at the Royal Italian Opera, was not of the most brilliant kind, nor did the fair artiste aggrandize her reputation by her subsequent engagement at Mr. Lumley's theatre. In fact, at the Italian Operas, Miss Catherine Hayes proved herself an excellent *comprimaria* and nothing more; and, had it not been for the subsequent steps taken by Mr. Beale, it is more than probable that the name of

Catherine Hayes would have passed away, with hundreds of others, into the ocean of oblivion. But Mr. Beale perceived that Miss Hayes, had great talent, and imagined that, by judiciously turning it to account, the public would be compelled to recognize and acknowledge it. Filled with this notion, and always enthusiastic in what he undertakes, he took Catherine Hayes by the hand, and determined to make her name great before the eyes of the world. By skilful management, by perseverance and industry, by great expenditure and large losses, and immense influence, Mr. Beale succeeded in his determination, and Catherine Hayes's name was made great in the eyes of the world.

It may be said that Miss Hayes, by her own abilities, made her name great. Undoubtedly; but unless managed as it was, she never would have risen to her present eminence, and every step of her position she owes to Mr. Beale.

After the second visit of Miss Hayes to Ireland, which proved an immense success, Mr. Beale offered Miss Hayes £600 per month, with a sixth of the profits, to go on a tour to the American States for a certain time, all expenses to be paid by him. To this Miss Hayes acceded; but when every thing was arranged, and made ready, she demurred, and demanded £50 a month more, with further expenses for her mother and sister, who were to accompany her. Mr. Beale consented, and Miss Hayes and her party, under the direction of Dr. Joy, the active and indefatigable, started for America. It is not necessary to enter into details. Mr. Beale and Miss Hayes were bound to keep their engagement, or forfeit £3,000. After Miss Hayes arrived in America, and great noise and stir were made about her, a certain Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, offered Mr. Beale certain terms for Miss Hayes and party, which certain terms, had they been followed out, would have remunerated Mr. Beale, and paid him in part for all his previous trouble and outlay, and what was more to be wished for, would have liberated him from all anxiety and doubt. Mr. Beale and Mr. Wardwell came to treaty, and were bound by a forfeit of £4,000. Subsequently, this agreement, for obvious reasons, was found unsuitable to both parties. Mr. Wardwell, with the two Christian names, managed matters so badly that the receipts of Miss Hayes's Concerts fell from £800 to £100. He grumbled, and refused, or delayed, to pay the stipulated sum to Dr. Joy, Mr. Beale's delegate. Seeing how matters stood, of course Mr. Beale was anxious to rescind the agreement, and Mr. Wardwell seemed, or seemed to seem pleased with

his liberation from the bond. Meanwhile, as it appears to us, Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, was calculating a deeper move. Before the bond of agreement could be annulled, he went to Miss Hayes, and represented to her the enormous sacrifices she was making to realize the fortunes of the great London firm of Cramer, Beale and Co.; and how she was obtaining only the petty sum of £7,000 yearly, with every expense paid; how she was standing in her own light; how Jenny Lind was nothing to her in point of talent; how he, Mr. Wardwell, with two Christian names, was the only person on earth who would deal honourably by her and act disinterestedly in her behalf; with many more etceteras, which only Yankee tongue could syllable, and Yankee audacity hazard. Alas! for the soft heart of an Irishwoman! Catherine Hayes was melted and made credulous; her head was literally turned topsy-turvy; till overcome by vanity and interest, *mirabile dictu*! she yielded to the eloquence and persuasiveness of the gentleman with the two Christian names, and entered into a new engagement with him on the spot, heedless of all consequences, uninfluenced by ties of gratitude, and totally regardless of what the public would think of so unparalleled a proceeding. By this simple act of disinterestedness, Mr. Wardwell coolly pocketed a thousand pounds of Mr. Beale's money; since Miss Hayes having broken her engagement with Mr. Beale, Mr. Beale is therefore necessitated to break his engagement with Mr. Wardwell; and as Mr. Beale receives from Miss Hayes £3000, and pays Mr. Wardwell £4000, it follows Mr. B. is minus £1000. To make use of an American phrase, we consider this "a tarnation cute dodge."

In addition to the losses already entailed, a further consequence of the infraction of Miss Hayes's engagement with Mr. Beale is the expense involved in having thrown on his hands the gentlemen who made up the party on the transatlantic tour, and whose engagements remain up to a certain time.

We have no comments to make; the case speaks for itself. The premises are clear; the conclusion self-evident. In future, let directors put not too much faith in artists, and let them secure themselves so as not to be entirely dependent on a prima donna's weakness, and the artifices of an American sub-manager.

### THE LOVERS OF MUSIC.

#### THE OLD GENERATION AND THE NEW.

In the justness of many of the complainings of the aged, we can by no means acquiesce. Whatever they may affirm to the contrary, it is our conviction that the world is growing wiser and better; and if we did believe in the *golden age*, which we do not, we should say that it will be, not that it has been. Nevertheless there are some things in reference to which our seniors have good cause to complain. In regard to many of them, there is a class of grievances not imaginary but real. To one of these causes of their most justifiable dissatisfaction

we now wish to direct attention; and all the more so, because it belongs to our art, and falls within the scope of our purposes.

Go where we may, and especially in the provinces, we find a number of aged persons passionately fond of music, but who have never received a musical education. Now these grand-sires can hardly ever have played or sung to them music they thoroughly enjoy. Their tastes are never consulted, their wishes are altogether disregarded, so far as music is concerned, by those whose filial duty it ought to be, to minister to them the pleasures of melody. When a child returns home from school, or, when a niece or a grandson goes to spend a few days at the family mansion, among other festive and social enjoyments, recourse is had to music. So far so good. But just let us for a moment open their folio and examine its contents. There are none of the melodies or dances of a by-gone-day, none of those good old marches, for instance, to which, at the sound of fife and drum, the grey-haired yeoman marched with something of military pride, a volunteer in the service of his country. If we turn to the vocal part of their selection, things are no better. Not a single piece can we find that dates its rise and popularity from the era of Waterloo; and even if we should perchance find some good old composition, it is so twisted and distorted by variation and accompaniment, that if the ghost of its author were to steal Banquo like into the drawing room, he would fail to recognise his own production. The old bridal song no more awakes the echoes of the Baronial hall; the voice of the minstrel is silent, and the national airs and the hornpipe are alike forgotten.

Now, however good the substitute may be, the withdrawal of the music of a former day is most ungenerous and culpable on the part of our young friends. We are sure they cannot as yet have thought of the happiness they are withholding from those who are so much more advanced in years than themselves, or they would not have the heart to persevere in a practice so selfish and disreputable. The music they sneer at as old-fashioned, was popular in the days of their parents' youth. It is the record of their joys and sorrows, the witness of their early hopes and fears, a portion of their history; or, to sum up all in one, it is interwoven with the texture of their hearts' core. Whenever the melody of these time-honoured compositions is evoked, the excited frame, the enlivened countenance, the brightening eye, of the aged listener bespeak the depths of his emotion. A thrill of pleasure passes through him just as though he again stood face to face with a true but long absent friend of his early youth. Past scenes, buried in the grave of a worn-out memory, live again with all the freshness of yesterday; their entire youth is reproduced, and, as these gay and happy visions float before them, every chord of the heart is touched. The memory of joyous and festive hours, the garland and the wreath, the skill of a departed friend long since gone home, the ardent attachment of an early companion to some particular air, are re-created, and pressed upon the old and fast decaying spirit, with the tenderness of spring, and the genial warmth of new-born life.

It is not ours to boast of much practical skill in music, but we have occasionally sat and played to a few friends. They were bending under the weight of years; and as we played their own favourite melodies, through the long winter evenings, we have seen the tears flowing down the cheek furrowed with time and care. But stay; these things are sacred to our own social life, and must not be revealed. Suffice it to say that we were never happier than when thus giving pleasure and enjoyment to those who loved us best and needed such pleasure most. Go, my young friend, go and do likewise; and if in the transient excitement of one short evening, thou canst make an

old man happy, thou shalt so far consecrate the domestic hearth for the time when thine own eyes shall be fireless, and thine own head hoary.

We know that this remonstrance will be unheeded by our young friends generally; while a few of them, more courageous than the rest, will brand the point at issue as sentimental, for it happens to have been reserved for this artificial age to scoff at the many pleasing associations of a happy home, as being mere poetic sentiment and not real life. Here and there one may be sufficiently domestic and affectionate as to profit by our advice, but numbers will go and scream their floundering way through some modern difficult piece which they never can master; or, if they sit down to the piano, they will scramble and rattle like some galvanized corpse, or else fall flat and dead in the middle of the monstrosity, like some broken-winded butcher's hack. In vain does the kind-hearted grandmother adjust her spectacles and beg for Rule Britannia, or Home Sweet home. Still, still they dash on, helter-skelter; the voice screeches like a steam engine, the piano twangs like a cracked fiddle-string; all is confusion and wild uproar; the poor old grandmother stops her ears, flies from the scene, and the room is deserted save by those wise-acres who are about equal fools with our august performers. Well, well! rattle on, ye musical apes, but know, ye shall not always be young; and as your parents have suffered a musical martyrdom at your hands, you in your turn, shall not escape the same infliction. Grey hairs and the spectacles and the staff shall overtake you one day; and then the same musical misery you have doled out to your parents shall be given to you in larger draughts, by your own children; with this difference—in their case it will be retribution, but in yours it is wanton.

Let us not be misunderstood, and indeed we need entertain very little fear, for this is not the first rubbing down, by many a long paragraph and parental lecture, which our young friends have had on this subject. We by no means adopt the *nil admirari* in reference to all modern music. We adore whenever we meet with anything worthy our adoration. Much of modern musical compositions is more than equal to anything ever produced in former times. We do not sympathise with that blind extravagance which says, that there is neither beauty, poetry, nor wisdom to be found anywhere, except in the classics of Greece and Rome. And even if we did go to such an extreme it would avail nothing touching the present question. Musical composition has no Sappho, no Virgil, no Demosthenes, because the world is not old enough. One age can produce a poet, but many ages have sometimes been unable to produce a musical composer worthy of immortality. Our young friends will now see that we do not love what is old simply and only because of its age. By all means learn whatever is of sterling worth in modern music. But these things oughtest thou to have done, and not to have left the other undone. We protest against the execution of mere combinations of mechanical difficulties, except in so far as they shall give the performer more power and command over the true music; the music of feeling and the passions, the divine language of the soul; and we further protest against a mere amateur, of ordinary ability, attempting the achievement of those high excellences which can only be secured by an uninterrupted life of labour. We do think it a very hard case that those who pay for the education of our youth should have their hearts' fountain sealed, and thus be cut off from the pleasures of early years. If many of our young friends want to know why they are not allowed to learn music, we have now given the explanation. Who on earth would give their guineas for the transformation of their children into intolerable bores?

### Foreign.

PARIS.—Donizetti's opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, has been given this week, at the Italiens, Sophie Cruvelli in the character of Marie, which she played charmingly, her well-assumed manners of the camp and military *brusquerie* in the first act, and her mingled airs of dignity and vivacity when among her noble relations, quite captivating the public, yet thrilling with the emotions created by her sublime portraits of the hapless Norma, and her glowing impersonation of the impassioned bride of Ernani. She was in great spirits, sang admirably, and was immensely applauded, particularly in the second act. Notwithstanding her success, however, with the general public, we must, for ourselves, own to some secret dissatisfaction. The great difficulty Mlle. Cruvelli has to contend against, with us, and some who think as we do (a small, but, we flatter ourselves, highly respectable minority), are the recollections of *herself*, and the ineffaceable impressions she has left in the deeply-affecting characters above-named—impressions which it is, perhaps a questionable policy to disturb or impair. *La Figlia* is an agreeable production, well fitted for the meridian of the Opera Comique, for which it was composed, but scarcely entitled to the honour of transplantation to the Italian stage, and, above all, unworthy the talent of Cruvelli. We admire the versatility, but regret, at least, as much as we admire. It is like Rachel condescending to the modern drama of Scribe, or the great tragedian Kean exhibiting his agility to win the plaudits of the crowd. The genius of Mlle. Cruvelli can afford to look higher, and should be of that loftier order which, in the words of the Venusian poet—

"Cæsusque vulgares et udam  
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ."

We were glad to see M. Calzolari once more, after his unaccountably long absence. His fresh voice and always elegant and musician-like style gave infinite pleasure, though the part is a very poor one. Ferranti, who we had begun to think had set out for California, turned up in his old part of the Sergente, and was, as formerly, lively and amusing. Susini's rich bass told well in some of the chorusses, which, we must add, in the early part of the opera surprised us by their inefficiency. The theatre was fully and fashionably attended, and the marks of satisfaction bestowed at the close of the opera were loud and general; but, while we record this fact, which tells something against our own opinion, it does not at all diminish our gratification to know that *La Figlia* is to-night to give place to *Ernani*, one of the indisputable and legitimate triumphs of our young prima donna.

Mme. Tedesco appeared at the Grand Opera on Wednesday in Fides, in *Le Prophète*, with a considerable share of success, but without creating any very marked impression, though her acting and singing of the part were much above the ordinary level. Apart from the enthusiasm of the *claque*, which is becoming a perfect nuisance, her first and only real success was in the bravura *Comme un éclair*, which she gave with a power and brilliancy which drew down reiterated plaudits, and was followed by an earnest and unanimous recall. Every performance of Mme. Tedesco confirms the opinion of her being a distinguished artiste, just stopping short of the excellence required to make a leading attraction. The demands of the part of Jean on the *moyens* of M. Roger become more obviously and painfully oppressive on every representation. Although he was supported by the unremitting encourage-

ment of the audience, it is evident that the Grand Opera will speedily have to seek a new tenor. On the whole, the general performance was scarcely to be called satisfactory, the orchestra and chorusses alone displaying evidence of the extraordinary care and time bestowed on the production of this opera. Complaints have been sometimes made by certain London journalists—whose musical appetites must be voracious—of some excisions made in this opera, for its representation in that city. We only wish that the example had been followed here; its length is positively overpowering.

Mlle. Rachel, after her long foreign *tournee*, which commenced, we understand, much more prosperously than it terminated, has returned to her post at the Theatre Français. Her first representation was Camille, in Corneille's *Horace*, probably the greatest of her characters. The crowded house, and her enthusiastic reception, must have gone far to console the fair tragedian for the slights and indifference she encountered in most parts of Italy. She has since appeared in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Andromaque*, and in all with the same success as attended her many previous performances of the same parts. A new tragedy, by M. Ponsard, *Ulysse*, with chorusses, in imitation of the Greek tragedies, set to the music of M. Gounod's *Sappho*, is announced to be in preparation at this theatre.

The second *revue* of the season, *La Course au Plaisir*, has been produced at the Variétés, and backed by nearly a dozen of the prettiest actresses of the Boulevards, promises to have as long a run as most of these ephemera enjoy. There is considerable whim in this bagatelle—among other things, several of the well-known streets and buildings of Paris are personified, and the piquant characteristics of some of the localities give room for couplets and *jeux de mots*, many of which are highly amusing. The affair ends with a *tombola*, and the desire of obtaining a prize is by no means the least interesting part of the entertainment, which nightly attracts crowds.

M. Felicien David's popular symphony, *Le Désert*, is now being performed on alternate nights at the Opéra National, with the same Maestro's opera, *La Perle du Brésil*, the success of which increases. The orchestral instrumentation is very creditable, but the performance of the choruses leaves still a great deal to be desired. A new opera, by Maestro Sarmiento, a composer of reputation in Italy, is in active rehearsal, under the title of *Les Trois Châteaux*, of which the *conoscenti* form great expectations. The first concert of the *France Musicale* took place on Thursday at Herz's, the principal vocalists being M. Jourdan, Mme. Taccani-Tasca, and Mlle. Vera. The salle was crowded by a distinguished company, and the performance had the double merit of being well selected, and not too long. A *morceau* on the violoncello, by M. Offenbach, was very favourably received, as was an air by M. Jourdan. But the honours of the concert were altogether for the ladies. Mme. Taccani sang the cavatina from the immortal Barber, an air which, in the hands of a real Rossinian artiste (now so rare), still comes upon the public with all the freshness and beauty of spring. Her execution of this air, particularly the allegro, can only be expressed by one word—*perfection*, and was followed by shouts of applause. Formed in the true Italian school, her style abounds in that sparkling brilliancy which only the most finished artists can essay. Mme. Taccani afterwards sang the celebrated variations on "Il dolce Incanto," by Rode, boldly entering the lists with Sontag herself, and more finished and elegant marvels of execution we certainly never

heard. The enthusiasm of the auditory was without bounds, and cries of *bis* resounded from every part of the salle. She repeated the last variation with renewed brilliancy, introducing a novel trill at its close, which occasioned a perfect hurricane of applause. The duo from *Mathilde de Shabran*, with Mlle. Vera, concluded this display, both being admirable. Mlle. Vera also sang an air of Gordigiani's, which merited all the warmth of approbation it was received with. It was stated that Mr. Lumley was in the salle with a view of hearing Mme. Taccani, and every *torquette* was in quest of the impresario.—*Galvani*.

TURIN.—Mlle. Alboni has continued the series of her representations at Turin, as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. The enthusiasm she excited is described as altogether without bounds.

VIENNA.—M. Capecelatro, a composer well known in Italy and Germany, is engaged on a new opera for the Karntnithor Theatre at Vienna, where it will be sung next spring by Mmes. Albertini and Mitrovich, and Messrs. De Bassini and Fraschini. The libretto is founded on Alexandre Dumas's *Fille du Regent*.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The last opera was *La Gazza Ladra*, with Mmes. Grisi and De Meric, and Messrs. Ronconi, Tamburini, and Pozzolini; the honours of the representation were for Ronconi and Pozzolini, a young tenor before-mentioned, of very great promise.

ALEXANDRIA.—The Italian opera is going on swimmingly. The last opera, *Lucia*, is said to have been extremely successful, with Mlle. De Grassi and the barytone Carapia. The tenor, M. Guerra, appears to have been a failure.

BOSTON, Dec. 2nd, 1851.—The second farewell concert of Mlle. Jenny Lind was announced to take place on Tuesday, but was afterwards postponed until Friday, on account of her indisposition. The desire to hear the performances of this greatest of vocalists is as strong as ever, and those whose time will not permit of their tarrying at the ticket office for an hour or more, to procure their admissions, find no fault with paying a large premium to the speculators. On Friday evening, the tickets were all disposed of at an early hour, and after the doors were open, not one could be found for love or money. The countenance of Miss Lind, which had appeared so dejected at the previous concert, shone with a radiant expression which called to mind her first appearance before a Boston audience; she was then so cheerful and happy in her movements, that it seemed impossible for her ever to be otherwise, but the fatigue which has attended her tour thus far in America seems to have taken strong hold upon her, and rendered her naturally animated countenance a scene of mental uneasiness. But this had gradually worn away, before the close of the concert, and the excellent manner in which she rendered the *aria* from the *Nozze di Figaro*, sufficiently showed that it was not a mere external effort, but that the *soul* was with it. This was the happiest performance of the evening. The third concert of Miss Lind was given at the Melodeon, last evening, to a very large audience. The performance commenced with a solo for the clarionette, executed by Signor E. Belletti. An instrumentalist, who appears in a concert like that of Jenny Lind's, must make up his mind to be contented with a small share of applause, for those persons who pay three or four, or even two dollars, for admission to a concert of this character, go only to hear an artist like Jenny Lind, and the best instrumental performer in the world would stand a small chance of being appreciated by an audience at one of these concerts. For this reason Mr. Goldschmidt, who is one of the most finished pianists we have

heard, need feel no chagrin for want of proper regard being shown for his talents, on the part of the audience of Miss Lind's concerts.

Mr. Joseph Burke's performance of a fantasia caprice of *Vieux Temps* was received with favour. Signor Salvi added much to the pleasure of the evening by his performance of a *Romanza* from Lombardi, a *cavatina* from Mercadante, and more particularly by the *cavatina* "Fra poco" from *Lucie*. Miss Lind has given us six pieces. The prayer from *Frey-schutz*, scena and aria from *Somnambula*, "Non mi dir" from *Giovanni*—this was her happiest effort; also the Bird Song, "John Anderson my Jo," and "Comin' thro' the rye," for that portion of the audience who like to hear what they call tunes. Jenny Lind will give two more concerts in Boston, on Thursday and Saturday, these being probably the last she will give in this city. Mdle. Maberlini will positively make her first appearance in America, on Tuesday evening next. The inhabitants of Taunton, New Bedford, and Fall River are speculating about the chances of Jenny Lind singing at those places. A French Opera Troupe has arrived at New Orleans from Paris. Madame Thillon and Mr. Hudson, gave, a concert at Newark, on Thursday evening. Catherine Hayes' concerts have thus far been completely successful. At her last performance in Utica, the house and even the street was crowded. Parodi gave a concert at Nashville, on Wednesday last. The Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, announce a series of six concerts—three performances of "David" and three of "Samson." Jenny Lind's farewell concert in Boston, takes place December 6th. Marie Maberlini's first concert takes place December 9th. The Boston Musical Fund Society announce, that in consequence of Jenny Lind's concert being fixed for December 6th, their concert will be postponed to the 13th.

### THE FANDANGO.

(From the German.)

This favourite dance, so much in vogue amongst the Spanish and their descendants, but which is in fact of Moorish origin, is designed to represent, as is well known, the different stages or shades in the progress of the tender passion,—love, desire, hope, proud disdain, and relenting tenderness. Cold refusal and warm confession of the "soft impeachment," are vividly represented by means of the modulations of the music, and the voluptuous movements of the dancers. Temperament and custom have rendered the *Fandango* and *Bolero* (the last of which is but a continuation of, or a sequel to the former) expressive of the intoxicating joy of successful love, the especial favourites of the Spanish, and usually form the *finale* of all social pleasures. The reserve and characteristic hauteur of the Spaniard instantly quit the field when the light tinkling of the guitar calls him to the wanton *Fandango*.

It is recorded that the Roman clergy, shocked at the immoral nature of the *Fandango*, resolved in solemn assembly upon its suppression. A consistory was commissioned to make it the subject of inquiry; and after due deliberation, when they were about to pronounce sentence upon and banish the dance, one of the cardinals, actuated by sentiments of right and justice, and acting upon the principle that no defendant should be condemned unheard, urged that the *Fandango*, the accused, be brought before the bar of the court in *propria persona*. The justness of the benevolent cardinal's views was at once acknowledged; and accordingly two of the most noted Spanish dancers were summoned to appear before the court, by way of counsel for the defendant; or in other words, to introduce the *Fandango* before the august tribunal.

The dance commenced; the holy fathers, with contracted brows, looked for a while unmoved; at length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effect in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions with reference to the dance, by

imperceptible degrees, merged into lively interest and fixed attention; now as its charms more fully developed themselves one of the reverend gentlemen so far forgot himself and his position, as to be guilty of the manifest impropriety of beating time to the movements of the music.

The dance went on, becoming still more and more seductive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat, and commenced executing the movements of the dance. Another, and another followed; the *furor* became general: the judge's bench became empty—all were whirling in the dance; and what was late a clerical court was suddenly metamorphosed into a dancing saloon. It is needless to record the verdict: the *Fandango* was reinstated with all its former rights and privileges, and its glorious triumph has proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy.

Great is the *Fandango*!

### Reviews of Music.

ŒUVRES POSTHUMES DE N. PAGANINI, POUR VIOLIN, avec Acc. de Piano, L'Orchestre séparément et en Partition. Schott & Co. No. 1. Op. 6, Premier Concerto.

" 2. Op. 7, 2nd Concerto (clochette).

" 3. Op. 8, Le Streghe.

" 4. Op. 9, God save the Queen.

" 5. Op. 10, Le Carnaval de Venise.

" 6. Op. 11, Moto Perpetuo

" 7. Op. 12, Non Più Mesta

" 8. Op. 13, I Palpiti.

" 9. Op. 14, Etudes en 60 variations, sur l'air Barucaba.

Long ere the talent of Paganini had acquired popularity beyond Italy, a collection of studies for the violin had been published under his name, unknown to French violinists, and created a deep impression. So many novelties were accumulated, the difficulties presented so problematical, and under forms so peculiar, that many professors doubted their possibility of execution; and went so far as to look upon the publication of that work as a mystification. However, the composer Andreozzi, who had brought to Paris the copy from which Pacini published his edition, attested that there was in Italy a man who executed those difficulties as though they were trifles, and who would astound the professors and the pupils of the Conservatory if they heard him. This man was the author himself, Paganini. At the same time Blangini, on his return from Italy, also spoke of Paganini with enthusiasm, and likewise affirmed that his talent bore no affinity to the great masters down to his time, and that he was destined to revolutionize the art of playing the violin. The struggle between Lafont and Paganini resuscitated the confused recollection of his name, and the prodigies he effected were the subject of serious conversation; the journals confirmed it, and the name of the artist gradually acquired popularity. However, fame blazoned forth his name as a violinist only, not as a composer. The twenty-four studies of the first work was then the only one known in France more than twenty years after it was published. It was only after he had enchanted all Paris, and had traversed France, gaining triumphs wherever he played, that the value of his compositions occupied attention. They were sought for. Italy and Germany were written to for copies of his concertos, his fantasias, and his airs with variations, but they had never been published. The list of works which appeared of this artist, comprised the following only, viz., Op. 1, *Ventiquattro Capricci per Violin Solo*, Op. 2; *Sei Sonate per Violin e Chitarra*, op. 3; do, do, Op. 4; the grand quartette, Op. 5; do, do. Paganini said of this work that it was not his, but formed from some of his themes badly arranged. These are the only positive productions of Paganini published up to the present publication of the above nine compositions; all that has appeared previously, must be considered as commercial trickeries, or as extracts from preceding works, or as simple fugitive recollections—instance, Ghys published at Paris and Berlin, *le Carnaval de Venise tel que le jouait Paganini*. Ernst and Sivori have also given as exact traditions

of this musical pleasantries, versions differing more or less, which gave rise at the time to discussions in the newspapers. The publication, by Messrs. Schott & Co., of the veritable *Carnival de Venise* of the illustrious violinist, will remove all uncertainty in this respect. Paganini at his death left twenty-four works in manuscript. Unfortunately many of these compositions are incomplete. Those original scores without omissions which have been found in the two concertos in E b and in B b minor (it is in this the celebrated rondo of *la Clochette* is found), the allegro of a sonata, entitled *Movement Perpetuo*; the famous variations *le Streghe* (the Witches), with orchestral parts, "God save the King" with do, "Di tanti palpiti" with parts, variations upon "Non Più Mesta," accento al fuoco with parts, the *Carnival de Venise*; 24 variations upon the popular Venetian air, "Oh, mama!" and 60 variations in three series, with accompaniment for piano or guitar, and the Italian air "Barucaba." These were written by Paganini at Genoa, in February 1835. The variations are studies of various kinds of difficulties, and are one of his latest works. It will be seen the complete works of Paganini which have been found, are the nine published as above by Messrs. Schott & Co. It is to be deplored that, among these high class productions, the splendid concerto that this great artist wrote for Paris, and which he played at his third concert at the Opera the 25th of March, 1831, should be wanting; also the Grand Military Sonata upon the fourth string, in which he displayed such marvellous ability in a compass of three octaves, with harmonic sounds, and finally his variations upon "Nel cor piu."

The compositions of Paganini are novel in idea, elegant in form, rich in harmony, and diversified in the effects of instrumentation. These qualities are especially found in his concertos, which have exercised great influence on compositions of this nature which have been published. They differ in form in many points of the classic from Viotti's concertos. There is that uniformity and increasing interest which it were well all violinists would meditate upon. In general, without diverting attention from the solo, by over-elaborated passages, the instrumentation possesses an interest which cannot be separated from the principal design. The *entrées* are neither cold nor symmetrical, and the effect is always new and varied.

The premier concerto is in E flat, for the orchestra, but the violin solo is written in D; the four strings of the instrument are consequently tuned a semi-tone higher. The *tutti* is bold and flowing, and very effective. Its form is reminiscent of the old concerto more than those of Paganini. It was composed in 1811. In the Rondo Paganini first employed tenths, combined in various ways, producing wonderful effects. The character of the piece is bold, and the second solo, nearly all on the 4th string, and in harmonies, produced an extraordinary sensation, nothing similar having been heard prior to its introduction. The second concerto is in B minor. The commencement is broad and impassioned—the instrumentation clear and rich. In this work Paganini has evinced much daring in the combination of difficulties, both for the bow and the left hand. He has introduced a double shake descending in thirds, in the execution of which he was incomparable, both in brilliancy and in perfection of instruction. The *Adagio* (in D) is a most charming *cantabile*. The Rondo, with the obligato bell accompaniment, is delightfully fanciful, the most incomprehensible feats of skill being introduced. The *Clochette* was listened to with wonder throughout Europe. The *Allegro* of the sonata, entitled *Movement Perpetuo*, is remarkable as a study for detached bowing of the most interesting description. Few pieces of music have obtained more fame than the *Streghe* (the Witches), either from the prodigious execution of the great violinist, or, perhaps, because some superstition attached to the title. The original M.S. indicates that the introduction and the variations are composed upon an original air—however, if tradition is to be depended upon, the air was taken from the ballet of *Il Noce di Benevento*. In "God save the King" the melody is played with the bow, and the other parts of the accompaniment in *pizzicato*. The execution of this piece requires extraordinary dexterity. In the fantasia or "di tanti," the orchestra is written in B flat. Paganini effected this change with so much cleverness that it was never perceived at his concerts. The piece commences by an introductory

*lughette*, followed by a recitative. The subject which follows is quite simple and without difficulties, with the exception of a very rapid scale in harmonies. The same remarks will apply, in some degree, to "Va pin Mesta"; it is written in E flat, and the solo violin is tuned a semi-tone higher. The twenty variations on the *Carnival de Venise*, which has been so frequently imitated, is remarkable for the distinct character given to each—all the bow and finger effects imagined by Paganini are concentrated: some extraordinary effects are produced in those strange freaks, to which the marvellous dexterity of the artiste lent an irresistible charm. The sixty variations on the air "Barucaba," are studies in which the composer has given each style of bowing, with all the difficulties of bowing, all the combinations of harmonics, upon which his school is founded. By a singular notion nearly all these variations are written in different keys.

That these works of the greatest violinist that ever lived will be sought for by all the great performers through Europe, we have no doubt. They are engraved and produced in the best and cleverest style, so that the publishers may fairly anticipate reaping a rich harvest for their enterprise and spirit in producing them. W. G.

### Original Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to correct an error inadvertently made in the flattering notice you were pleased to take of my song, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not," with reference to the words. Miss M. A. Stodart is the authoress, and not the translator; she wrote the song as an illustration of the German proverb "*Wenn die Sorge schlafet, wecke sie nicht*." The German translation was added to the song at the request of some musical friends.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD LAND.

### Provincial.

CROYDON.—THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The first concert of this Union of English Vocalists, viz., Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locket, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Henry Phillips, took place at the Greyhound Hotel on Monday evening last, and never did the value and purpose of unity manifest its effects more than on that occasion. It has been reserved for the vocalists under notice to exhibit the human voice in combination—we say it unhesitatingly—in greater perfection than it has for years past been heard in the Concert Room. They have shewn to the country—and through the good opinions won of foreigners during the past year to the world—that the National English Glee and Madrigal, and English voices, need only the right direction, and a generous encouragement, to produce rich and melodious treasures which have hitherto been lying latent, and only awaiting the touch which has now happily struck the chords, and which we hope may long vibrate through the length and breadth of the land. There is scarcely a town of importance in the united kingdom that has not its amateur Glee Club—their performances are often, with the best intentions, and perversions of the composer's intention; but some there are whose rendering of this particular style of music often approaches excellence—and why? It is because they are united, and that they rehearse and practice together! Now, if this applies to the crude and imperfect powers of mere amateurs, what may not be expected of those who have been nurtured in music? whose voices, and minds, have been trained, formed and matured; and who, from an emulation in their art, have boldly stood forward to shew that England has a national music, and English voices to give it full efficiency. Honour, then, to the Glee and Madrigal Union! and many additions to the laurels which they won on their debut to a Croydon audience! On the singers presenting themselves,

a hearty burst of welcome resounded from every part of the room, which, by-the-by, was so crowded as to mar in some degree the first glee, through many of the audience being unable to obtain seats—but by the time "With sighs sweet rose" was pouring forth its harmony, the room was "hushed like a child's repose," the counter tenor voice (Mr. Francis) claiming especially eager attention. Next came, par excellence, the glee of the evening, "Blest pair of Sirens." The words by Milton, one of his fugitive poems, and the music by Stafford Smith.

This was a treat indeed, and was as perfectly rendered as the most ardent musician could have desired, and although its performance lasts a quarter of an hour, there was an inexpressible desire for its repetition, indeed, to quote the words, it was "voice and verse," "wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ." Horsley's pleasing Madrigal, "Nymphs of the Forest," closed the first part. The second part opened with a duet, charmingly sung, by Mrs. Endersohn and Miss Williams. Mr. Land then sang a chaste and manly love song, "Oh, wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen," with that pure musician-like taste for which he is so distinguished. Mrs. Endersohn earned good opinion in her rendering Hobbs's prize song (Mrs. Heman's words) "Bird of the green wood; and Miss M. Williams won all hearts, and a loud encore, in Mr. Land's new and charming song, "When sorrow sleepeth wake it not." It was a fine specimen of poetic and refined singing, and the subdued, almost bird-like shake and dying cadence at the end, shewed how thoroughly the singer had caught the inspiration of the composer; and Lockey sang a very pretty ballad. Mr. H. Phillips worthily wound up the second part with the recitative, and air from Haydn's Seasons, "With joy the impatient husbandman," and never did we hear it more finely delivered. Part three resumed the selection of glees, and, by desire, commenced with "Oh, Nanny," harmonised for four voices, and be it remembered, although claimed as Scotch, an old English air. Bishop's ever-welcome glee, "Blow gentle gales," as a quintet, was enthusiastically encored, and Miss Williams's thrilling voice deserves especial mention in it; nothing more perfect could be attained in part singing. The same may be applied to Stofforth's glee, "The spring, the pleasant spring." The concert closed amidst the applause of a most delighted audience, whose subdued whispers of delight during the pieces, and occasional outbreaks of applause, testified their intense enjoyment, but the truest compliment was the expression, that the concert was too short. It has now been so daily evident from the public journals that this particular style of music has, at length, met its meed of welcome, that little more need be said in its praise—suffice it to say, that there must have been close study and determination of purpose to have enabled seven voices to become as one, each blending in unalloyed harmonious concord with the others—every effect of poetry and passion—of light and shade, being afforded, as though ONE MIND gave the impulse—in fact, accomplishing the perfection of part singing, and affording a lasting lesson to those who love a "concord of sweet sounds." Excepting "Blow gentle gales," the whole of the glees were unaccompanied, and when the first note was struck by the voices, it appeared that what had been done by the "Russian horn band" and the "Distins" for instruments, had now been developed with that more beautiful instrument—the human voice—by the "English Glee and Madrigal Union." We cannot in justice to Mr. Land, the accompanist and conductor, omit most honourable mention of his judicious and intelligent accompaniments at the pianoforte: it is rarely that we have heard singing so ably aided and cared for; and, in a parting tribute of thanks to the lady performers, we hail Mrs. Endersohn, new to us, as likely to become a valuable soprano in our concert room, and Miss Williams, an established favourite in Croydon, as coming before us with a finish and earnestness that may fairly entitle her to the rank of one of our very first contraltos and best of vocalists. Her rendering of "Deep as our despair," warrants this assertion. Thus closed a musical treat not easily to be forgotten—and while with true and honest pen we offer our tribute to the performers, let it be recorded that the audience, both numerous and select, comprised the principal families in the town and neighbourhood, whose ready patronage on the first

announcement showed their desire to encourage native talent, and to "help young merit into fame." There was barely standing room to be found for the company, and had the concert room been double the size it would have been filled.—*Surrey Standard*, Dec. 20th.

GLASGOW.—The City Hall concerts have increased nightly in attraction; the large hall on Saturday was crowded to overflowing. Julian Adams has brought together a phalanx of talent, instrumental and vocal, which may be rarely sought for, except in London, and at charges for admission which will perhaps seem fabulous—promenade, one shilling; gallery, sixpence! Our space at present precludes a detailed notice of the various pieces executed on Saturday evening—we may advert to the manner in which the overtures to "Semiramide" and "William Tell" were rendered; as also to the fantasia on Scottish airs, with solos for all the principal instruments—this latter excited a perfect furor. The vocalists were all re-demanded—there were no less than seven encores during the evening.—*Glasgow Courier*, Dec. 23.

### Dramatic.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Thursday se'nnight this theatre closed until the holidays, with the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*, for the benefit of Miss Fitzpatrick, who undertook the part of Lady Townley, and fully maintained her rising reputation. If Miss Fitzpatrick does not, as yet, possess that refinement and polish of manner so requisite in such a peerless votary of the drawing-room as Lady Townley, the defect must be attributed to immature experience; for, in other respects, her acting is highly felicitous. Miss Fitzpatrick was visibly affected by the loud and prolonged applause with which she was received at the fall of the curtain. Mr. Barnett's John Moody, at present, may defy competition. After *The Provoked Husband*, Miss Fitzpatrick appeared as "Neighbour Constance," a part in which she is greatly improved since she first played it here two years ago. Miss Fitzpatrick has, we understand, concluded an engagement with Mr. Bunn at Drury Lane; and, as she is thus going to assault the very citadel of the drama, we may have to record her debut at old Drury in the words of the poet—

*Divisum imperium cum Nisbette Fitzpatrick habet.*

The Christmas fun, which is said to be both racy and rare, in our next.

SURREY.—This theatre closed its operatic performances last Saturday, after a season of unexampled prosperity. Miss Poole's benefit took place on Thursday se'nnight. The opera was *The Daughter of the Regiment*, followed by a Concert, in which Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Messent, Mr. G. Tedder and Mr. Henri Drayton were encored in some of their favourite songs. The novelty of the evening was Miss Poole in the character of Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. The part is not well suited to her, nor perhaps to any woman, but she sang charmingly, and was encored in "The Jolly Young Waterman" and "Wapping Old Stairs." She also introduced the popular melody, "Pray Goody," which she was compelled to sing three times. Miss Harriot Coveney was encored in "The Dashing White Sergeant." The entertainments concluded with *Bombastes Furioso*.

### Miscellaneous.

THE NORWICH CHORAL SOCIETY have contributed ten guineas towards the purchase of some testimonial to Dr. Berford, in commemoration of the first performance of "Israel Restored," and in token of their respect for his musical talent.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The examination of the candidates for the King's Scholarship took place on Friday week. The board of examiners consisted of Mr. Cipriani Potter, Mr. Goss, Mr. Lucas, Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Howell, Mr. G. A. Macfarren and Mr. W. Dorrell. There were thirty-three candidates (seventeen boys and sixteen girls). The verdict was given in favour of Miss Rosetta Vining and Master John Barnett, and certificates of having highly distinguished themselves to Miss Jannette Aylward (sister to the talented young violoncellist), Master Walter Pettit, and Master Henry Baumann.

**NATIONAL MUSIC.**—The Russians and Danes are rich in possession of an original and most touching national music; Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, are alike favoured with the most exquisite native melodies, probably, in the world. France, though more barren in the wealth of sweet sounds, has a few fine old airs, that redeem her from the charge of utter sterility. Austria, Bohemia, and Switzerland, each claim a thousand beautiful and characteristic mountain songs. Italy is the very palace of music; Germany its temple. Spain resounds with wild and martial strains; and the thick groves of Portugal with native music, of a softer and sadder kind. All the nations of Europe—I presume those of all the world—possess some kind of national music, and are blessed by heaven with some measure of perception as to the loveliness of harmonic sounds. England alone, England, and her descendant America, seem to have been denied a sense, to want a capacity, to have been stinted of a faculty, to the possession of which she vainly aspires. The rich spirit of Italian music, the solemn sound of German melody, the wild free Euterpe of the Cantons, have in vain been summoned by turns to teach her how to listen; 'tis all in vain—she does listen painfully; she has learnt by dint of time, and much endurance, the technicalities of musical science; she pays regally her instructors in the divine pleasure, but all in vain; the spirit of melody is not in her, and in spite of hosts of foreign musicians, in spite of the King's Theatre, in spite of Pasta, in spite of music-masters paid like ministers of state, in spite of singing and playing young ladies, and criticising young gentlemen, England, to the last day of her life, will be a dunce in music, for she hath it not in her; neither—or I am much mistaken—hath her daughter.—*Fanny Kemble.*

Miss DOLBY's most interesting series of Concerts were brought to a close on Tuesday evening, the 16th. Miss Dolby was assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental talent, including the popular Miss L. Pyne, who delighted her audience with the delightful aria "Non paventar," from the Zaubersföte, and a far less interesting ballad by Mr. Knight, the promising Miss C. Nott, who created a highly favourable impression in "Batti, batti," and Mr. Whitworth. Mr. L. Sloper performed in one of Mendelssohn's Trios in a most brilliant and finished style, ably supported by Mr. Lucas and Mr. Blagrove. We were much delighted for the first time to hear the lately-adverted-to pianoforte duet of Mendelssohn, played by Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. W. H. Holmes, with infinite grace and delicacy. Miss Dolby charmed every one with her touching version of Mr. Holmes's ballad, "The Blind Flower Girl," as indeed she cannot fail to do in everything she graces with her talent. Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Lazarus sustained their well-earned reputations by the performance of Solos on their respective instruments.

**CONNECTION BETWEEN HARMONY AND MELODY.**—The ancients, by *Harmony*, meant only being in tune. But the moderns have appropriated the term to the combination of such sounds as are agreeable when heard simultaneously; while they use *Melody* for the arrangement of such sounds as are agreeable when heard in succession.

The same scale of sounds which enables us to produce harmony, produces melody. The difference between the sounds uttered in the attempt to sing by a person who has not a musical ear and one who has, is, that the sounds of the first are not in the intervals of the scale which produces harmony, and those of the other are.

The reason why the intervals which produce harmony produce also melody, seems to be, that *melody is retrospective harmony*, or depends on a perception of harmonical relation to the sounds that have preceded. And it appears to be no objection to this, that some

persons—as is supposed to have been the case with some of the ancients—are acquainted with the practice of melody, but not of harmony or music in parts. For their not being acquainted with the practice of harmony in its modern and most extended sense, does not prove that their consciousness of the effects of melody is not dependent on a perception of harmonical relation to sounds that have preceded.

The connection between harmony and melody is nowhere so apparent as in the *Arpeggio* passages so common in music for the guitar. For these arpeggios are in fact chords, spread out by the notes being sounded in succession instead of together, as the means of obviating the want of *sostenuto* tone inherent in the instrument. And no person can for an instant doubt that the composition of these arpeggios—in respect, for instance, of the determination of the form of a dissonance—ought to be the same as if the notes were to be sounded together as a chord.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The *Messiah* was performed for the first time this season on Friday, the 12th inst., and was repeated on Tuesday last. The vocalists were the same on both nights; viz., Misses Birch and Dolby, and Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips. Exeter Hall was filled on both occasions.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The customary performance of the *Messiah* was given by this society on Monday night. The singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Temple; Messrs. Lockey and H. Phillips. The attendance was very large.

**SAMUEL WESLEY.**—The late Alexander Barry, Esq., who affected a knowledge of music and patronage of its professors, one day meeting S. Wesley, said to him, "Your brother Charles is coming to one of my little musical parties to-morrow night, and I should be delighted if you will also favour me with your company." Sam knowing pretty well the sort of treat he was to expect, and thinking the amateur unreasonable in requiring the assistance of two such men upon the occasion, replied, "Why, my dear Sir, you cannot want us *both*, for one Punch you know is enough for a puppet-show."

**DR. BEXFIELD.**—A few words in reference to the career of Dr. Bexfield may not, at the present time, be unacceptable to our readers. At the early age of seven he was recommended as a chorister by Mr. Buck, who is always anxious to secure boys of talent for our Cathedral choir, and to give every encouragement to genius. His gifted pupil, at the age of 11, composed an anthem in eight parts, which, though full of grammatical errors, fully satisfied Mr. Buck that he deserved every assistance, and he at once determined to educate him for the profession of music. During the eight years he was a chorister, his singing was the constant theme of praise, by rigid judges, and though his voice was not equal to many others, he gave so much expression and character to every thing he sang, that he was a favourite chorister for some years. At the age of 21 he became a candidate for the situation of organist at Botolph Church, in Lincolnshire, celebrated not only as a magnificent building, but for its noble organ. He was the successful candidate, and having supplanted a Mr. Binfield, the former organist, a wit wrote the following impromptu:—

The arrangement of these rival names  
Would make a stoic grin;  
Since Mr. Binfield now is *ex*,  
And Mr. Bexfield *in*.

In the same year (1846) he took his Bachelor's Degree in Music, and received a highly complimentary letter from Dr. Crotch (the then Professor of Music at Oxford), on the compositions written for the degree. In 1848 he left Boston, and was a candidate for the organist's situation at St. Helen's, Bishopgate, London. There were 36 competitors, who played behind a curtain, and were only known by numbers, which were drawn for. The celebrated Vincent Novello was the umpire. Mr. Bexfield was again pronounced the successful candidate. He took his Doctor's degree at Cambridge, at the age of 24. In 1847 he gained a prize in London, which was open to public competition, for the best anthem, and a splendid baton was awarded to him; the same with which he conducted his overture on Thursday evening. A prize of ten guineas, for the best glee, was open to competition, the same year at Huddersfield; this the youthful composer also gained.—The

umpire, on this occasion was Sir Henry Bishop, who arranged that each candidate should send his name under a sealed envelope, which was not opened until the decision had been made. As an organ player Dr. Bexfield stands very high in London, and his readiness in extemporising on any given subject, is perfectly extraordinary. In 1850, Dr. Bexfield married the daughter of J. Millington, Esq., of Boston, Lincolnshire. In addition to the extraordinary talent of this young man, it is both satisfactory and gratifying to know, that in every private relation his conduct was most exemplary, and that he avails himself of every opportunity of shewing his gratitude to his early instructor and patron Mr. Buck.

—(From the Norwich Gazette.)

**ON THE TRIGONUM, OR ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TRIANGULAR HARP.**—One of the most remarkable ancient Egyptian instruments used by the priests in sacrifices and religious ceremonies was called the Trigonum or Triangular Harp, and as they were of various kinds, a description of them will not be uninteresting. One of them is a triangular shape, Y and has ten strings, and is taken from an ancient painting in the museum of the King of Naples, in which it is placed on the shoulder of a little dancing Cupid, who supports the instrument with his left hand, and plays upon it with his right. Another species of Triangular Lyre or Harp is of a much larger size and has twenty-three strings Y and is held in the hands of a very uncouth figure, who appears to be seated. It is copied from one of the most remarkable from Rossellini. It is played upon with both hands by one of those monsters which the Egyptian mind was so prone in producing; and whether we consider its size, its peculiar character and form, no instrument of the kind claims a more attentive consideration.

There is also one of a very simple construction, and most essentially belongs to the same class of Triangular Egyptian instruments, and which is also given in Rossellini, not from a painting, but from a real instrument found in Egypt, and deposited in the Museum at Florence. In this, the strings (originally ten in number, as appears from the pegs) form a triangle by their extension from the upper end of a piece inserted at right angles into a large harmonical body of wood, with which the strings are at the other extremity connected (as shewn in the drawing); portions of the strings still remain, and appear to have been formed from the intestines of animals. Remembering that Solomon obtained wood for his "Psalteries" by distant commerce, it is remarkable that the wood of this instrument is what Rossellini calls a mahogany from the East Indies, and which the Egyptians must have obtained through commercial channels. Athenæus mentions a certain musician, called Alexander Alexandrinus, who was so admirable a performer on the trigonum, and gave such proofs of his abilities at Rome, that he made the inhabitants musically mad. The performer being a native of Alexandria, as his name implies, makes it probable that it was an Egyptian instrument upon which he gained his reputation at Rome. —(From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.)

### Advertisements.

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**SUNG** by Miss M. Williams, with distinguished applause, at the concert of the English Glee and Madrigal Union. The Words by M. A. STODART; the Music composed by E. LAND. 2s. Also, by the same composer, "The Vesper Dream," 2s., which gained the prize (1851) awarded by the Melodist Club. London, Addison and Hoffer; Manchester, Hime and Addison.

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